1347.m.8.(11)

The Diſappointed Travellers;

OR,

The Three Profeſſions in Tribulation.

A LAWYER, PHYSICIAN, and rev rend DIVINE,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine;
The weather was pleaſant, the ſeaſon was May,
All nature around them look'd ſmiling and gay.
Derry down, &c.

Over joy'd with the journey, they ſaid to themſelves
Let Coke, Shaw, and Sherlock, now ſleep on the ſhelves:
Farewell to Concordance, dull Statutes, & Mead;
While we feaſt abroad, let the pale ſtudent read.

Thus forward they trudg'd it, amus'd with chit-chat,
The rebels, Don Carlos, the Dutch, and all that;
Much pleas'd with the proſpect this time of the year
But more with the thoughts of approaching good cheer.

As their walk now grew leſs, their hunger wax'd more;
They think of full diſhes, & bowls running o'er;
Anticipate all the delights of a feaſt,
And ſmell fancy'd fumes half a furlong at leaſt.

Imagine they ſee a large table well ſpread,
Here ſmoaked the beef, and there lay a calf's head,
The gammon and fowls, rang'd in order cloſe by;
A leaſehold would wind up the whole in a pie.

But men of a round corporation will tell ye,
Chimerical banquets will not fill the belly;
That love is platonic, ſome ſtoics declare;
But diet platonic, what mortal can bear!

Now the houſe, their wiſh'd haven, appeared in view;
One adjuſted his wig, and another his ſhoe;
But the Parſon, much wont to contemplate on high
Looking up, could no ſmoke in the chimney eſpy.

The complaiſant Lawyer firſt knock'd at the door;
"Is your maſter at home?" & he look'd ſo demure;
"La! Sir, my good maiſter a journey is gone,
"And win't be at whoam—I cannot tell when."

Eneas of old look'd not more like a ghoſt,
When ſearching old Ilium, Creuſa was loſt;
Nor half famiſh'd Trojans were ſo much a haſt,
When the harpies devoured their rural repaſt.

The Parſon declar'd, with a ſorrowful face,
To fly from his word, ſhewed great want of grace;
For, firſt—revelation and reaſon allow,
That a promiſe obliges, as much as a vow.

It appears next from Habakkuk, chapter the firſt,
That denounces a breach of performance accurſt;
And, thirdly – the fathers, from old martyr Juſtin,
Condemn breach of truſt, down to Jerome & Auſtin

And, fourthly—hold, cries Habeas Corpus, we did not come hither
To join both in faſting and preaching together.
When lawyers are hungry, 'tis a mercileſs ſign;
Poor criminals hang, for fat Judges to dine.

He could prove from the ſtatutes, and Wingate, & Skinner,
That eloping from home, and demurring a dinner,
By defrauding the ſubject of natural food,
Was actual man-ſlaughter ſtill underſtood.

And by Magna Charta's authentic commanding,
It was robbery plain, any wiſe;—notwithſtanding;
But the Doctor declar'd it was no time for frolic,
And that faſting did oft-times occaſion the cholic.

Then he quoted Hippocrates, Galen, and Wynne,
That when food is all out, the wind will ruſh in;
Tho' Deſcartes would never a vacuum allow,
He thought his inſide could demonſtrate it now.

He ſhew'd that when paſſions are rais'd like a tide,
Diſappointed at once, they too ſoon would ſubſide,
As the ſtring of a fiddle, or ſcrew of a jack,
When wound up too high, of a ſudden will crack.

Thus having bewail'd their misfortune alone,
(Dire hunger will ſharpen men's wits like a hone)
They deem'd it moſt requiſite not to relate
To their neighbours at home, their tantaliz'd fate.

For, ſhould it be known, 'twould increaſe their chagrin,
To be jeered like Burton, and Baſtwick, & Prynn;
And by conſequence very much add to their load,
To be hooted at home, and be famiſh'd abroad.

But by Gown and by Caſſock, Diploma and Seal,
They vow'd full revenge for the loſs of their meal.
Thus vex'd at their fortune, and bilk'd of their feaſt,
Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawer, Doctor, and Prieſt.

Derry down, &c.

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